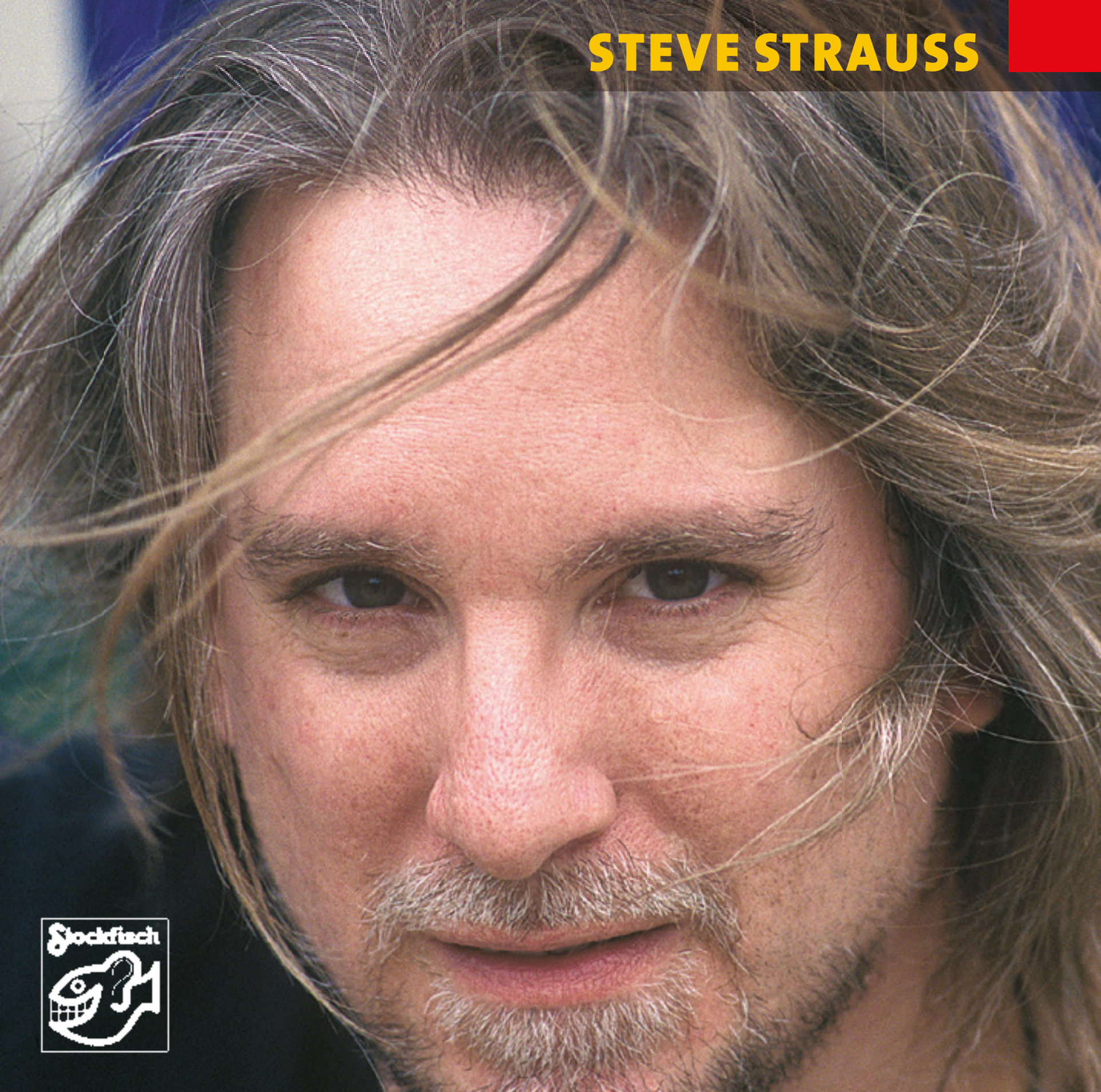

STEVE STRAUSS

JUST LIKE LOVE

© 2001 Steven J. Strauss

A groovy contemplation on the darker side of love. It's thoughts like these that keep me up late at night...

對愛情陰暗面的苦苦思索，使我徹夜不得安眠……

愛のより暗い部分をグルーヴィーにじっくり考えること。この思考は私を夜遅くまで目覚めさせておくかのようだ。

Wind rising o'er the hills
Quiet as your sleepy eyes
Corn bows to the lowering clouds
Storm's a-coming slow and proud
Electric blue flying up above
Ain't it just like love?

Clock ticking on the wall
Keeping rhythm with the rain
Time goes by much slower here
Whispered hours in my ear
And it's you I'm thinking of
Ain't it just like love?

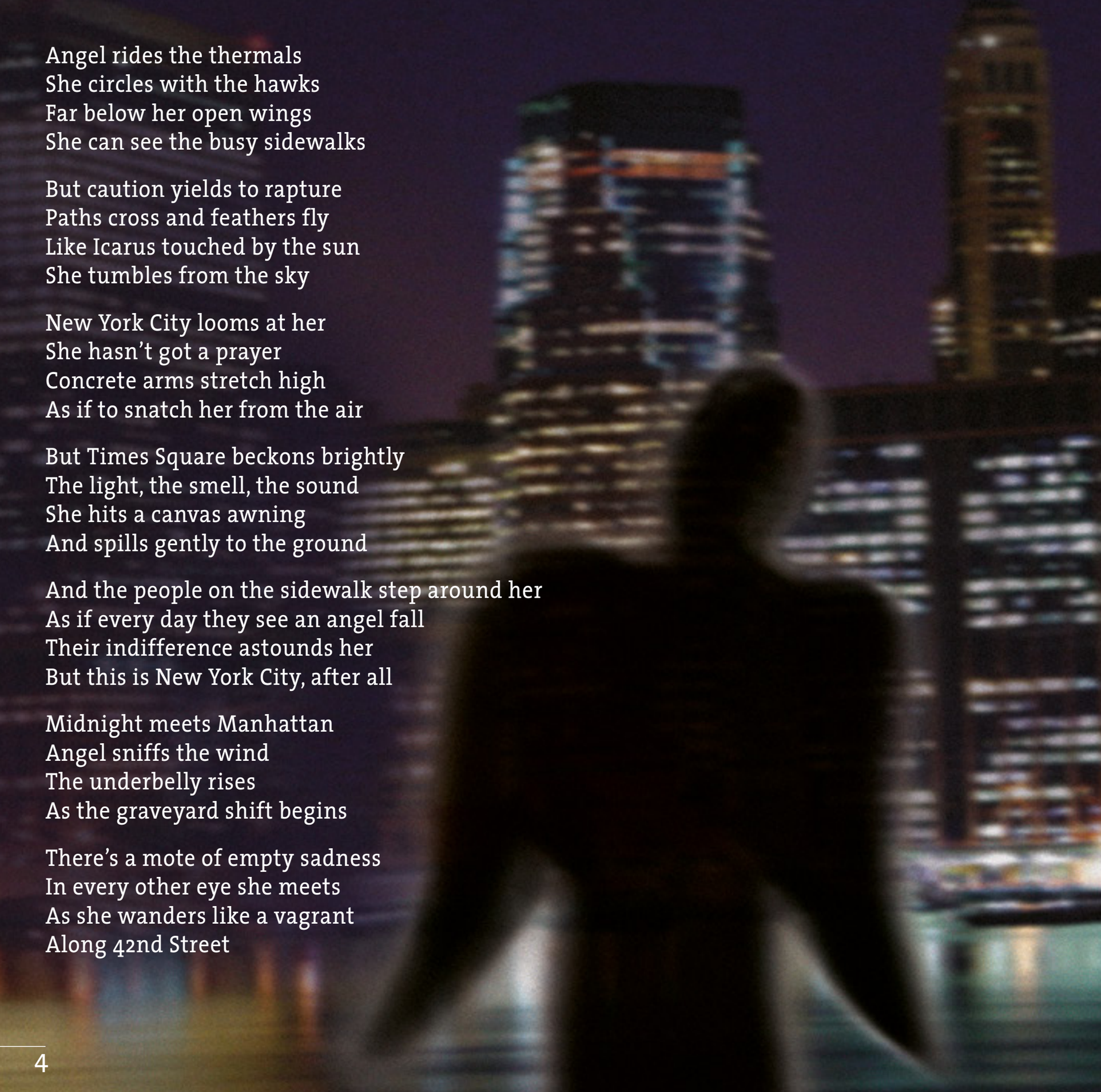
Ain't it just like love
To always leave you guessing
Ain't it just like love
To keep one step ahead

Static on the radio
Music playing in my head
Passing through some dead-end town
Wanna put the pedal down
No time to stop and run for cover
Ain't it just like love?

Ain't it just like love
To make a spirit restless
Ain't it just like love
To keep a spirit high

Steve Strauss: vocals & guitar
Chris Jones: guitar / Beo Brockhausen: saxophone
Grischka Zepf: electric bass

WEST - GERMANY



Angel rides the thermals
She circles with the hawks
Far below her open wings
She can see the busy sidewalks

But caution yields to rapture
Paths cross and feathers fly
Like Icarus touched by the sun
She tumbles from the sky

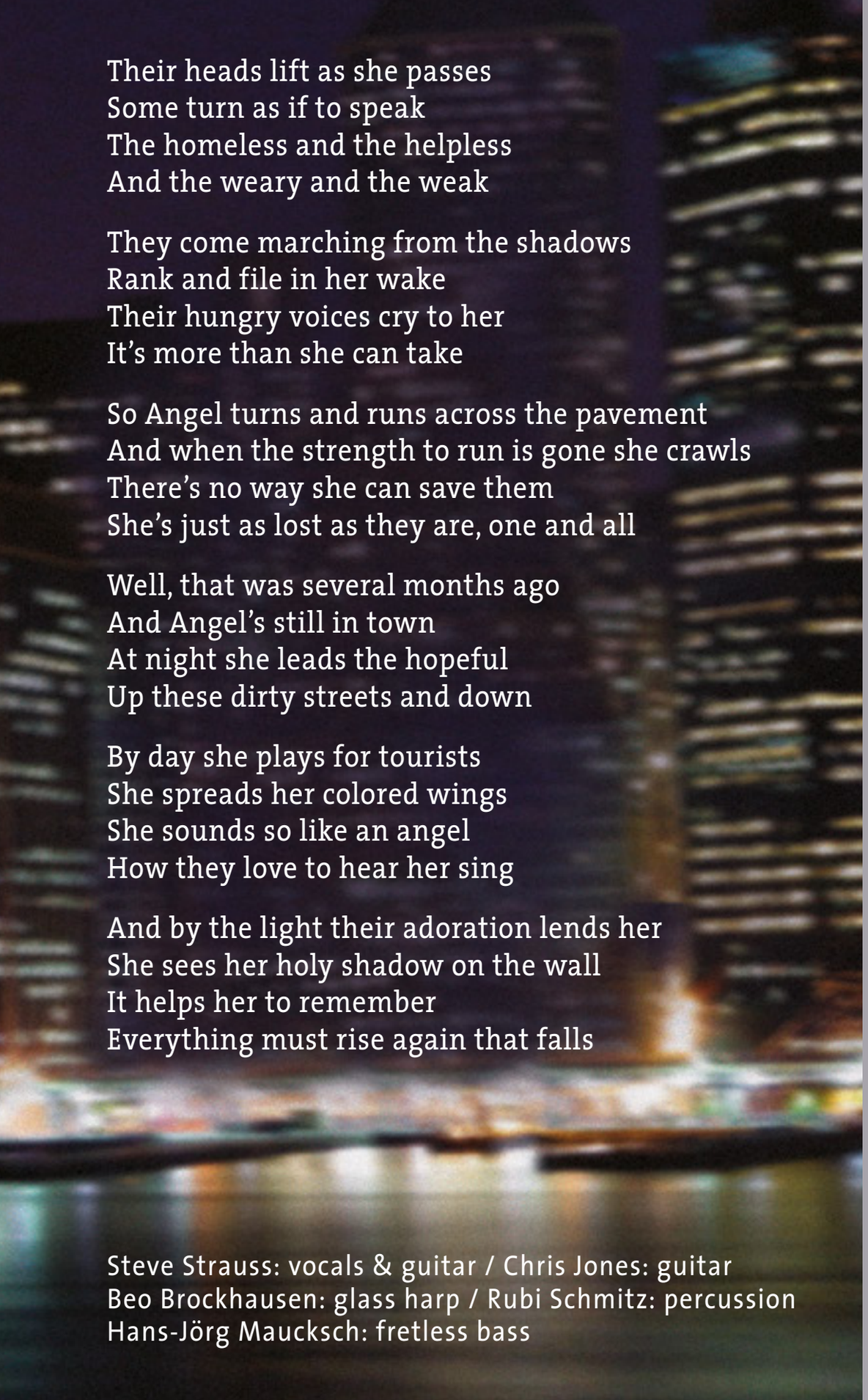
New York City looms at her
She hasn't got a prayer
Concrete arms stretch high
As if to snatch her from the air

But Times Square beckons brightly
The light, the smell, the sound
She hits a canvas awning
And spills gently to the ground

And the people on the sidewalk step around her
As if every day they see an angel fall
Their indifference astounds her
But this is New York City, after all

Midnight meets Manhattan
Angel sniffs the wind
The underbelly rises
As the graveyard shift begins

There's a mote of empty sadness
In every other eye she meets
As she wanders like a vagrant
Along 42nd Street



Their heads lift as she passes
Some turn as if to speak
The homeless and the helpless
And the weary and the weak

They come marching from the shadows
Rank and file in her wake
Their hungry voices cry to her
It's more than she can take

So Angel turns and runs across the pavement
And when the strength to run is gone she crawls
There's no way she can save them
She's just as lost as they are, one and all

Well, that was several months ago
And Angel's still in town
At night she leads the hopeful
Up these dirty streets and down

By day she plays for tourists
She spreads her colored wings
She sounds so like an angel
How they love to hear her sing

And by the light their adoration lends her
She sees her holy shadow on the wall
It helps her to remember
Everything must rise again that falls

Steve Strauss: vocals & guitar / Chris Jones: guitar
Beo Brockhausen: glass harp / Rubi Schmitz: percussion
Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

ANGEL

© 2000 Steven J. Strauss

This song was written a year before the terrorist attacks of 9/11/01. What was originally intended to be a wry commentary on life in New York City has taken on entirely new layers of meaning in the aftermath of a great tragedy.

這首歌作于紐約在2001年9月11日遭到恐怖分子襲擊的前一年，原本是對紐約市生活的一種富有諷刺意味的評述，在發生這一重大灾難後，這首歌有了新的意義。

この歌は２００１年９月１１日に起きたニューヨークでのテロ事件の一年前に書かれた。本来はニューヨークの生活についての皮肉を込めた論評のつもりで作られたが、大きな悲劇の余波によって全く新しい意味を帯びた。

YOUNGSTOWN

© 1995 Bruce Springsteen

I've been wanting to record this song for many years now, but I was reluctant to sing the line about Hitler to a primarily German audience. I imagined that the subject might still be a bit sensitive, even here at the dawn of the 21st century. Both Günter and Chris, however, insisted that it would not be a problem. Times change. I hope they're right.

很多年來，我就一直想著灌制這首歌，但是我不願意在德國聽衆面前演唱關于希特勒的那一句，因爲我認爲，儘管現在已經進入21世紀，這個主題可能仍然是比較敏感的話題。但Gunter和Chris却堅持說，這不會成爲問題，因爲事物隨著時間在不斷變化。但願他們的話是對的。

私はこの歌を何年間も録音したいと思っているのだが、ヒトラーについての行を、主にドイツの聴衆の皆さんに歌うのには気が進まなかった。この主題は、２１世紀の始めである今もなお微妙な繊細さを含んでいると思った。グンターとクリスの両氏は、しかしながら、これは問題ないだろうと強く主張した。時代は変わり続けている。彼らの言う通りだと思いたい。

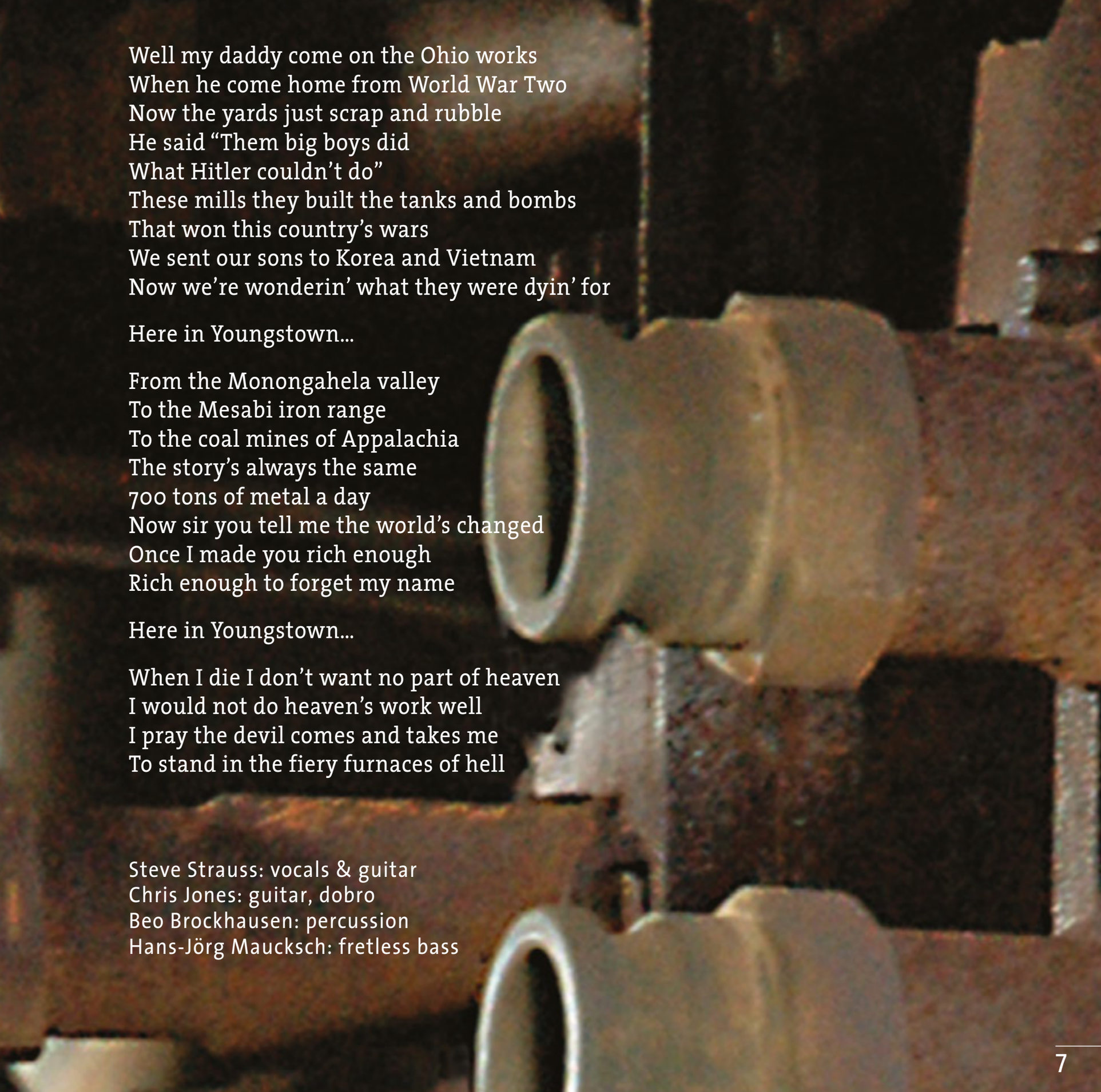
Here in northeast Ohio
Back in 1803
James and Dan Heaton
Found the ore that was linin' Yellow Creek
They built a blast furnace
Here along the shore
In it they made the cannon balls
That helped the Union win the war

Here in Youngstown
Here in Youngstown
My sweet Jenny I'm sinkin' down
Here darlin' in Youngstown

Well my daddy worked the furnaces
Kept 'em hotter than hell
I come home from 'Nam
Worked my way to scarfer
A job that'd suit the devil as well
Taconite coke and limestone
Fed my children and made my pay
Them smokestacks reachin' like the arms of god
Into a beautiful sky of soot and clay

Here in Youngstown...

Youngstown, Ohio.



Well my daddy come on the Ohio works
When he come home from World War Two
Now the yards just scrap and rubble
He said “Them big boys did
What Hitler couldn’t do”
These mills they built the tanks and bombs
That won this country’s wars
We sent our sons to Korea and Vietnam
Now we’re wonderin’ what they were dyin’ for

Here in Youngstown...

From the Monongahela valley
To the Mesabi iron range
To the coal mines of Appalachia
The story’s always the same
700 tons of metal a day
Now sir you tell me the world’s changed
Once I made you rich enough
Rich enough to forget my name

Here in Youngstown...

When I die I don’t want no part of heaven
I would not do heaven’s work well
I pray the devil comes and takes me
To stand in the fiery furnaces of hell

Steve Strauss: vocals & guitar
Chris Jones: guitar, dobro
Beo Brockhausen: percussion
Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

I thought I heard a whisper
And rising with the dawn
Old crow in the corn
I looked outside my window
And saw her standing on the lawn
All upon a misty morning

Her golden hair fell free and long
Like a fountain overflowing

Old crow

I ran outside to meet her
But she fled into the fields
Old crow in the corn
And loudly tho' I called her
She would not stop and yield
All upon a misty morning

And where the Black-eyed Susans grow
She went leaping like a doe

Old crow

She splashed across the creek
And went running up the hill
Old crow in the corn
And when she reached the headstones
The world went quiet and still
All upon a misty morning

She smiled sweet and slow
Then she turned as if to go

Old crow

I stood there in the tall grass
And watched her fade away
Old crow in the corn
Like the fog over the river
When dawn turns into day
All upon a misty morning

Then from the fields below
I could hear you laughing low

Old crow

Steve Strauss: vocals & guitar
Chris Jones: guitar
Beo Brockhausen: flute
Hrolfur Vagnsson: accordion
Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

OLD CROW

© 2001 Steven J. Strauss

A lonely man is visited by the spirit of his lover, who is far, far away. He chases after her, thinking she is real, but in the end he must face the awful truth: she has died and come to bid him farewell. This is my interpretation of a theme that appears often in traditional folk music.

情人的靈魂從遙遠的地方來看望一位生活孤獨的人，于是他跟在她的身後想追上她。可是最後，他不得不面對殘酷的現實：正在死去的她是來和他告別的。這是本人對這一民歌中常見主題的藝術處理。

ある孤独な男が、遠く、はるか遠く離れている恋人の霊から訪問を受ける。男は彼女を追いかける、彼女が本物だと思って。しかし、最後に彼は恐ろしい真実に直面しなければならない。彼女はすでに亡くなってしまっていて、彼に別れを告げに来る。これは、伝統的なフォーク音楽によく書かれるテーマについての私の解釈である。

DEAD MAN'S HANDLE

© 2003 Steven J. Strauss

The dead man's handle was an old railroad emergency device - the conductor had to keep the handle manually engaged at all times in order to drive the train. If he fell asleep or was shot dead during a robbery the lever would release and the train would stop. This song is really about desperately wanting to go home.

緊急制動手柄是一種老式的緊急裝置爲保持火車可以正常行駛，乘務員要一直要用手按住此手柄。如果他睡著了或被强盜槍殺，手柄的嚙合就會鬆開，火車也就會停下來。

死人のハンドルは古い鉄道の緊急装置だった。車掌は列車を走らせるためにつねに忙しく、主導のハンドルを握っていなければならなかった。もし彼が居眠りをしたり強奪の間に撃たれて死ねば、レバーは放され列車は停まる。

Mercy me, mercy me
It's dark up in these hills
I've got a weary way to go
I am a lonesome pilgrim

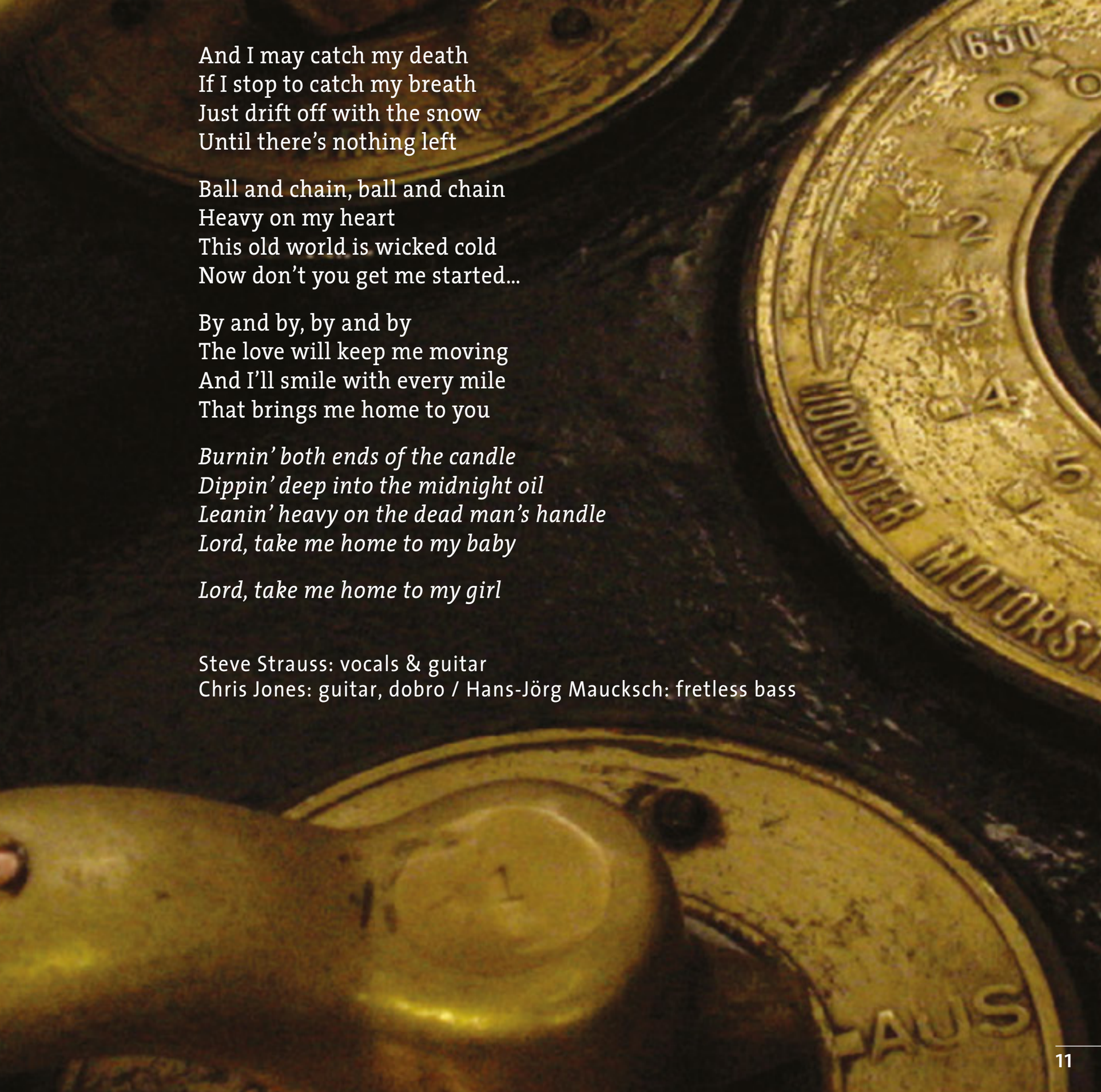
Oh my love, my sweet love
I'm so far from home
And I'd have never left your side
If I had only known

Burnin' both ends of the candle
Dippin' deep into the midnight oil
Leanin' heavy on the dead man's handle
Lord, take me home to my baby

Wind and rain, wind and rain
Underneath my skin
On my lips the icy tears
Of the melancholy winter

Baby blue, my baby blue
I know that you can't hear me
But I'll keep singing out your name
Until I hold you near

Burnin' both ends of the candle
Dippin' deep into the midnight oil
Leanin' heavy on the dead man's handle
Lord, take me home to my baby



And I may catch my death
If I stop to catch my breath
Just drift off with the snow
Until there's nothing left

Ball and chain, ball and chain
Heavy on my heart
This old world is wicked cold
Now don't you get me started...

By and by, by and by
The love will keep me moving
And I'll smile with every mile
That brings me home to you

Burnin' both ends of the candle
Dippin' deep into the midnight oil
Leanin' heavy on the dead man's handle
Lord, take me home to my baby

Lord, take me home to my girl

Steve Strauss: vocals & guitar
Chris Jones: guitar, dobro / Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

Jennie Mae's a dockside belle
The maiden fair of a story teller
Like royalty from a history book
All you've got to do is look
She walks tall and proud
And sometimes she may talk too loud
But she'll never pass you by
Without a smile

And if she wants it she deserves it
If it's beautiful or perfect
And befitting of a queen
Jennie Mae, you're my dockside dream

All the sailors stand outside
And whistle when she passes by
So she stops to share their company
For a little while
All the boys they turn their heads
And when they go home to their beds
Well, they'll sleep fine
With Jennie on their minds

They'll surely dream about her laughter
And the pleasures that they're after
If she only had the time
Jennie Mae, don't you know I'd love you fine

Jennie Mae, you pass me by
And when you smile you know I'm dying
But empty pockets
Just don't make you go
Jennie Mae, what would you do
If I pledged my love to you?
Would you wrap me up and take me home?

I'd lay out treasures on the table
Win the world if I were able
But that's just too much for me
Jennie Mae, won't you do this one for free?

Steve Strauss: vocals & guitar / Chris Jones: guitar
Jean-Marie Peschiutta: mandolin
Michael Kleinhans: tuba
Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

JENNIE MAE

© 1998 Steven J. Strauss

I wrote this one back in 1986 when I was still in college - it's my very first folk song. We recorded it during the Powderhouse Road sessions (1998), but I felt at the time that the production didn't quite capture the melancholy intent of the song. Five years later it sounds wryly cynical and rather tongue-in-cheek to me, which is perfect. I guess it just needed to age a little more. Or I did...

這首歌是我在1986年寫的，當時我還在上大學這是我所寫的第一首歌。我們在1998年錄製Powderhouse Road專輯時灌制了這首歌，但當時我覺得這首歌沒有充分體現出我想表達的憂傷情感。五年後，當我重新聽這首歌時，覺得它很有諷刺的意味，覺得很是不錯。我想也許這首歌的年代需要更長及一些才好，或者說本人要更老一點…

私はこの曲を以前の１９８６年、私がまだ大学生だった頃に書いた。これは私のまさに最初のフォークソングだ。我々はこの曲をパウダーハウス・ロード・セッションズ（１９９８）の期間に録音したが、私は当時、この作品は当初意図していた憂鬱さ、物悲しさといったものを完全に捕らえてはいないと感じていた。５年経ってみると、この曲は、私にはむしろ苦々しく冷淡に、そして皮肉っぽく聞こえるが、なかなかどうして申し分のない仕上がりである。おそらく少しばかり年月を経る必要があったのだろう。もしくは私が年を重ねたのか。

BROTHER MULE

© 2002 Steven J. Strauss

A song about life, and labor, and the long quiet rest at the end of the journey.

一首關于生活、工作和旅途結束後長時間靜靜地休息的歌。

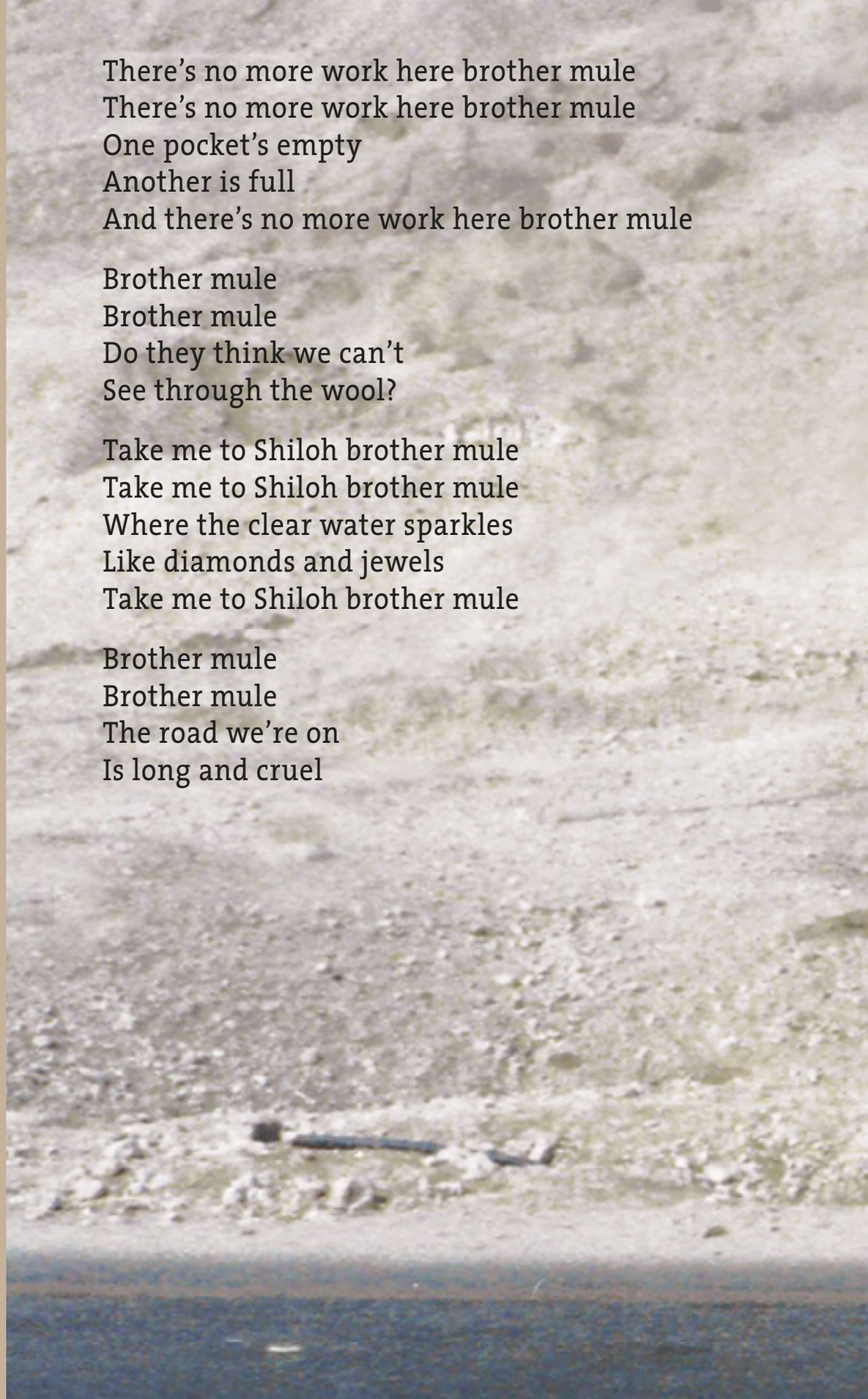
日々の生活、労働、そして旅の終わりの永く静かな休息の歌。

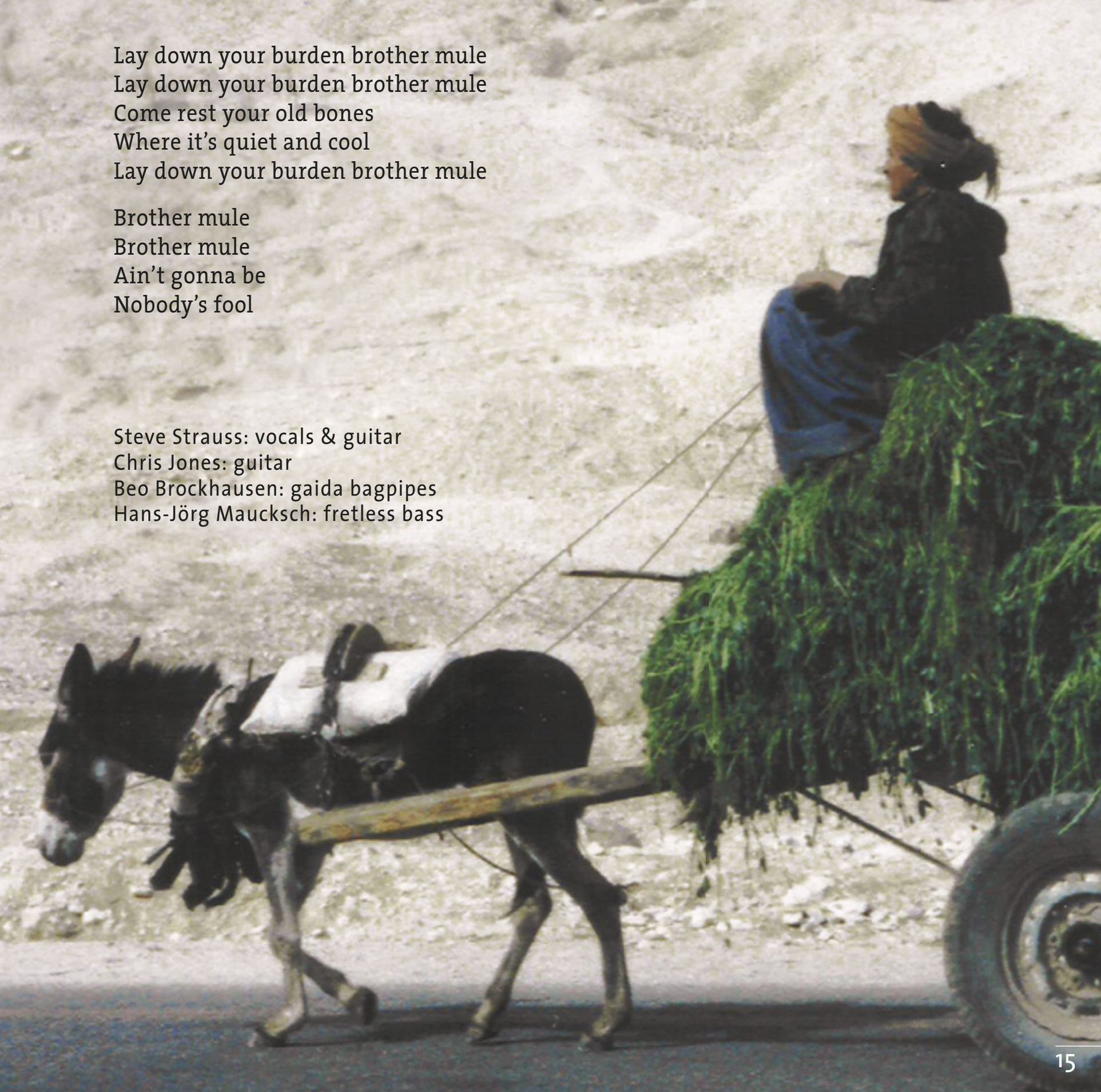
There's no more work here brother mule
There's no more work here brother mule
One pocket's empty
Another is full
And there's no more work here brother mule

Brother mule
Brother mule
Do they think we can't
See through the wool?

Take me to Shiloh brother mule
Take me to Shiloh brother mule
Where the clear water sparkles
Like diamonds and jewels
Take me to Shiloh brother mule

Brother mule
Brother mule
The road we're on
Is long and cruel





Lay down your burden brother mule
Lay down your burden brother mule
Come rest your old bones
Where it's quiet and cool
Lay down your burden brother mule

Brother mule
Brother mule
Ain't gonna be
Nobody's fool

Steve Strauss: vocals & guitar
Chris Jones: guitar
Beo Brockhausen: gaida bagpipes
Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

Will you walk awhile with me
In the blooming wildflowers?
Oh, then you will surely see
That we should be together

Me in my Sunday best
Leaning on your garden gate
Apple blossom and sparrows nest
I can hardly wait

I have brought the ivory moon
All the way from yonder valley
Here to light the way for you
Darling don't you tarry

Me in my Sunday best
Leaning on your garden gate
Thieves and lovers don't get no rest
I can hardly wait

Half a mile of country lane
All the world to me and twice again
While you are here with me
Walking hand in hand

Me in my Sunday best
Leaning on your garden gate
Once a pauper now ten times blessed
I can hardly wait

Me in my Sunday best
Leaning on your garden gate
Apple blossom and sparrows nest
I can hardly wait

Steve Strauss: vocals & guitar
Chris Jones: guitar
Christina Lux: backing vocals
Beo Brockhausen: tin whistle, autoharp
Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

SUNDAY BEST

© 2003 Steven J. Strauss

A sweet, simple love song.
'Nuff said.

簡而言之，就是一首甜甜的、簡單的情歌。

甘く、素朴なラブソング、後は何も言う必要はない。

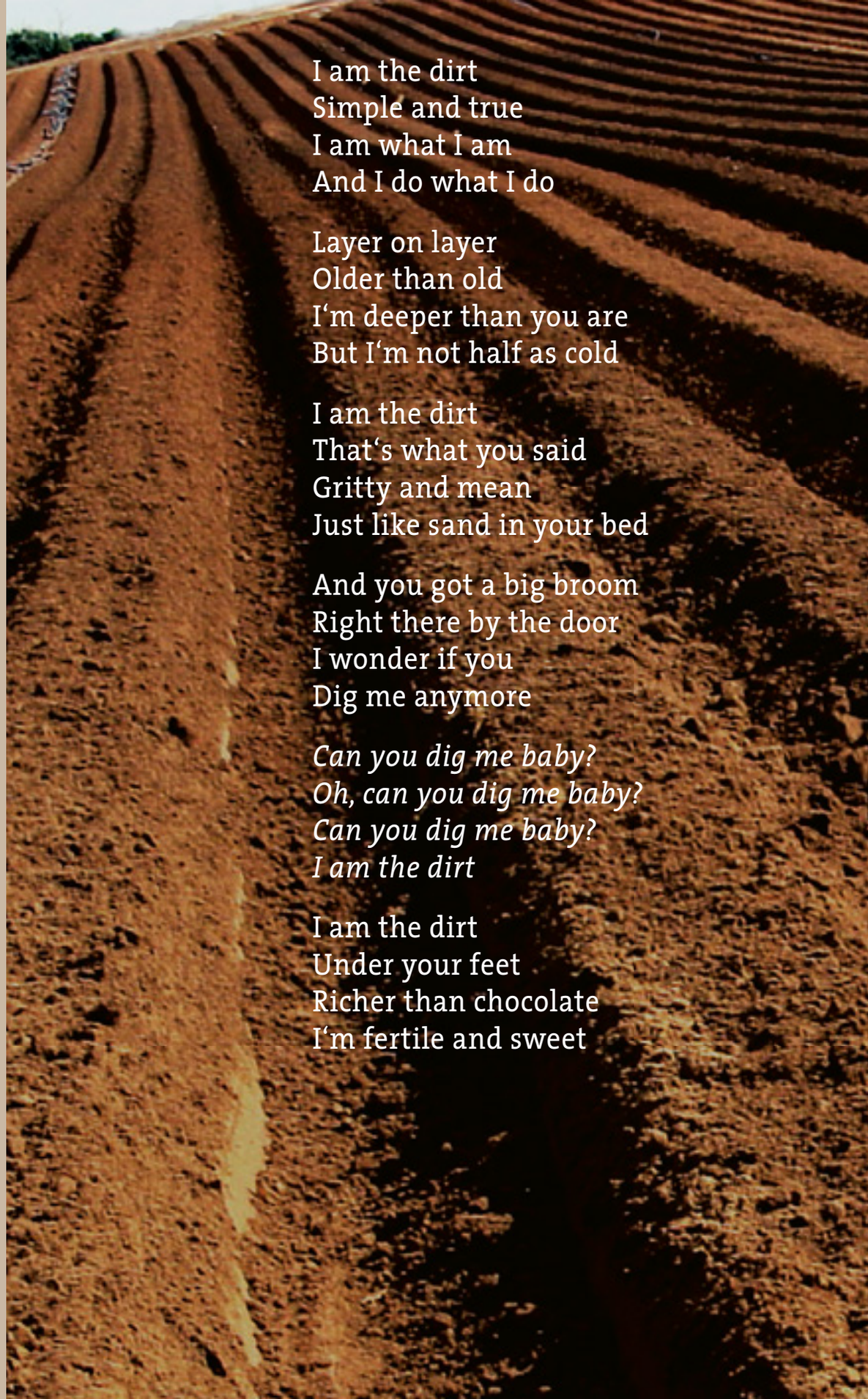
THE DIRT

© 2000 Steven J. Strauss

Sometimes the perfect response to an insult occurs to me long after the fight is over. So... take that!

有時候我體驗到在爭論過了很長時間之後，才對受到的侮辱做出完美的反應。如果是這樣，那就接受它吧！

闘いが終わったずっと後に、時々侮辱に対するぴったりの返答がふと思い浮かぶ。さあ、聴いてくれ！



I am the dirt
Simple and true
I am what I am
And I do what I do

Layer on layer
Older than old
I'm deeper than you are
But I'm not half as cold

I am the dirt
That's what you said
Gritty and mean
Just like sand in your bed

And you got a big broom
Right there by the door
I wonder if you
Dig me anymore

Can you dig me baby?
Oh, can you dig me baby?
Can you dig me baby?
I am the dirt

I am the dirt
Under your feet
Richer than chocolate
I'm fertile and sweet

I'm one with the worms
And the righteous roots
And you walk all over me
In your big black boots

I am the dirt
Here in your hand
Cast me to the wind
And I will spread across the land

And the place where I fall
Is the place I will dwell
But you won't be welcome
So mark the spot well

Can you dig me baby?
Oh, can you dig me baby?
Can you dig me baby?
I am the dirt

Lay on me, baby
I like it dirty
Cry on me, baby
Wet like the rain

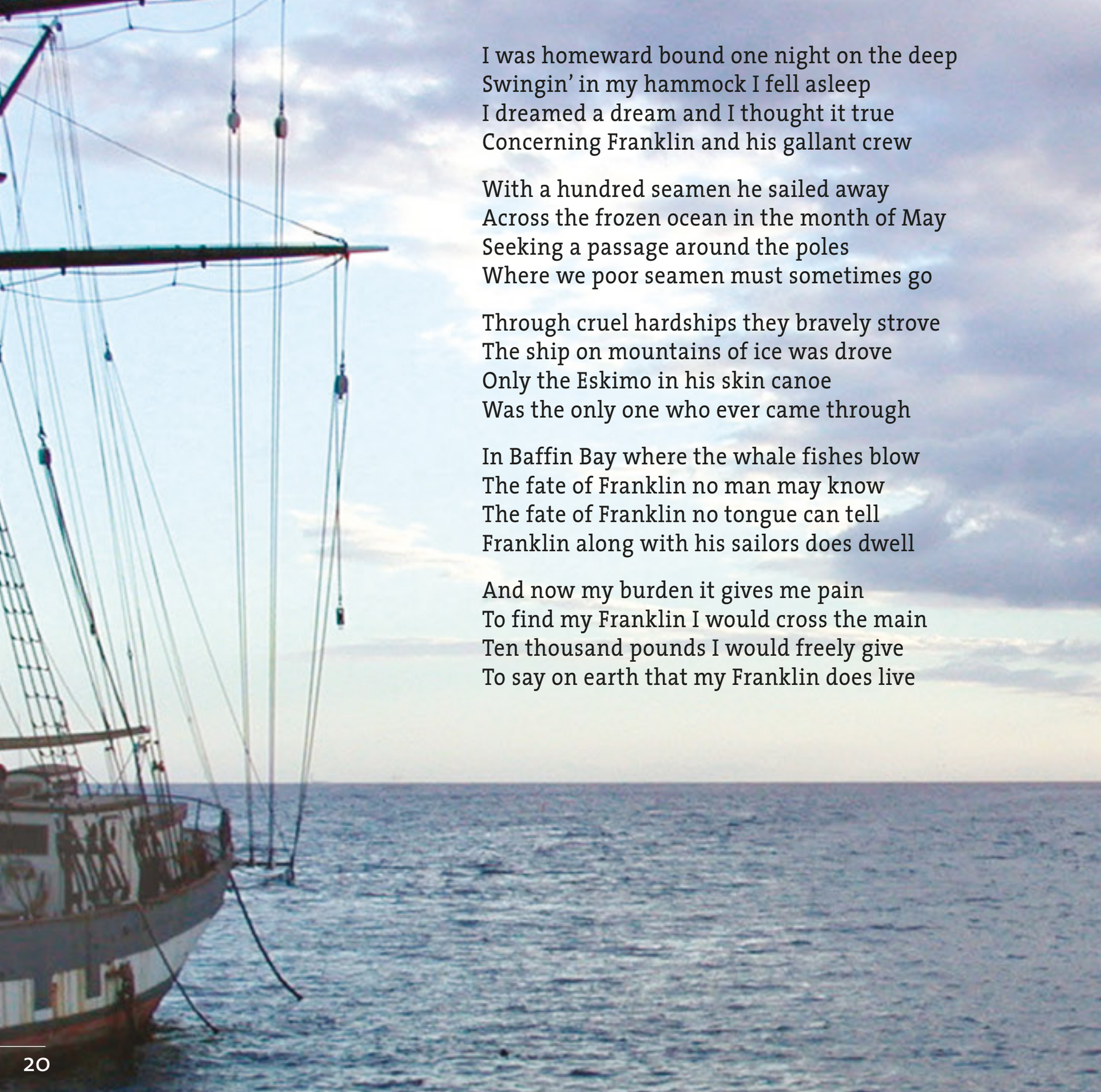
Step on me, baby
I will remember
Shovel me, baby
Cuz I feel no pain

Can you dig me baby?
Oh, can you dig me baby?
Can you dig me baby?
I am the dirt

I am the dirt
Simple and true
I am what I am
And I do what I do

And I'm blowing town
With the very next gust
I'm outta here, baby
Eat my dust

Steve Strauss: vocals & guitar
Chris Jones: guitar, dobro
Beo Brockhausen: percussion
Grischka Zepf: electric bass



I was homeward bound one night on the deep
Swingin' in my hammock I fell asleep
I dreamed a dream and I thought it true
Concerning Franklin and his gallant crew

With a hundred seamen he sailed away
Across the frozen ocean in the month of May
Seeking a passage around the poles
Where we poor seamen must sometimes go

Through cruel hardships they bravely strove
The ship on mountains of ice was drove
Only the Eskimo in his skin canoe
Was the only one who ever came through

In Baffin Bay where the whale fishes blow
The fate of Franklin no man may know
The fate of Franklin no tongue can tell
Franklin along with his sailors does dwell

And now my burden it gives me pain
To find my Franklin I would cross the main
Ten thousand pounds I would freely give
To say on earth that my Franklin does live

LORD FRANKLIN
(traditional)

Chris and I started playing around with this one after a late night studio discussion about traditional English and Irish songs, and we decided to record it and see what came out. It's always been one of my favorites.

有一天深夜，Chris和我在錄音室閑聊傳統英國和愛爾蘭歌曲，我們決定試著錄製這首歌，看看效果如何。這是我最喜愛的歌曲之一。

クリスと私は、深夜のスタジオで伝統的なイギリスとアイルランドの歌について議論を交わしたあと、この曲のためにはしゃぎまわってしまった。そしてこれを録音することに決めた。そして発売されたものを確かめている。これは常に私のお気に入りの一つになっている。

Steve Strauss: vocals & guitar
Chris Jones: guitar
Christina Lux: backing vocals
Beo Brockhausen: tin whistle, sarod
Hrolfur Vagnsson: accordion
Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

HMS Erebus picture signature:
Believe me ever yours sincerely
John Franklin

CLOSER

© 2002 Steven J. Strauss

A song about longing. And reaching. And touching. And losing. And then doing it all over again...

一首關于渴望、獲得、接觸和失敗的歌。然後從頭開始…

切望の歌。そして到達、接触、喪失。そしてまた繰り返される。

You gotta fold 'em on the table
When you hold a losing hand
But he says: "Come and look at how she glitters
And tell me that you're not a gambling man"

The closer you get
The faster she runs
The faster she runs
The further you go
She slips through your hands
And flies like an arrow
She speeds away laughing

There's a picture in her pocket
Of a memory old and gray
She says: "There's too many nights until tomorrow
And we're so many miles from yesterday"

The closer you get
The faster she runs
The faster she runs
The further you go
She slips through your hands
And flies like an arrow
She speeds away laughing

And when she moves no eye can hold her
No poet's tongue her beauty trace
But the blind men turn their heads to see
And a fever burns inside of me

The closer you get
The faster she runs
The faster she runs
The further you go
She slips through your hands
And flies like an arrow
She speeds away laughing

Steve Strauss: vocals & guitar
Chris Jones: guitar
Beo Brockhausen: soprano saxophone, percussion
Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

I sure do like the way you smile
Said the dog to the dancing girl
When you're bending like a willow
And weaving music with your hands

And in just a little while
The velvet curtains will unfurl
And we'll put on that same old show
That no one seems to understand

Oh they move with grace and purpose
I just love to watch her twirl
And I will think about her
Every time I chase my tail

I want to go back to the circus
To see the dog and the dancing girl
Instead I'll drink without her
But I sure do wish her well

Steve Strauss: vocals & guitar
Chris Jones: guitar
Beo Brockhausen: glass harp, percussion
Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

THE DOG AND THE DANCING GIRL

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It took me thirty-nine years to get a dog. My boy Drummer is a year old now and he has turned out to be a fine young pup. My life is also delightfully full of beautiful dancing women. I was missing them all when I wrote this song in my hotel room during the recording sessions for this CD.

直到三十九歲時，我才養了一隻狗。那只名叫Drummer的小狗現在已經一歲了，非常可愛。令人高興的是，在我的生活中也滿是美貌的會跳舞的女人。在錄製這張光盤期間，在酒店房間裏寫這首歌的時候，我想念她們。

私は犬を手に入れるのに３９年かかった。私の少年ドラマーは今一歳で、彼が元気な若い子犬であることが分かった。私の人生もうれしいことに踊る美しい女性たちであふれている。レコーディングの時ホテルの私の部屋でこの歌を書いた時、私は彼女たちがみないないので寂しく思っていた。

A WESTERN

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Westerns have always been a secret love of mine - there's nothing like a good horse opera at three o'clock in the morning when you can't sleep! Beneath the clichés they are rich with poetic and allegorical icons. Watching one is very much like listening to an old folk song from the oral tradition.

我一直就喜歡看西部片當你在半夜三點鍾睡不著的時候，再沒有什麼比看西部片更好的事情了！在俗套的表面下，它們充滿了詩意和寓意深刻的諷刺。看西部片就像傾聽一首口頭流傳下來的古老民歌一般。

私は隠れた西部劇好きである。夜中の三時に寝付けない時、面白い馬のオペラに勝るものはない！決まり文句が効いていて、詩的で寓意的な画像のために豊かである。西部劇を見ることは、口承で伝わる古い民俗音楽を聴くのに似ている。

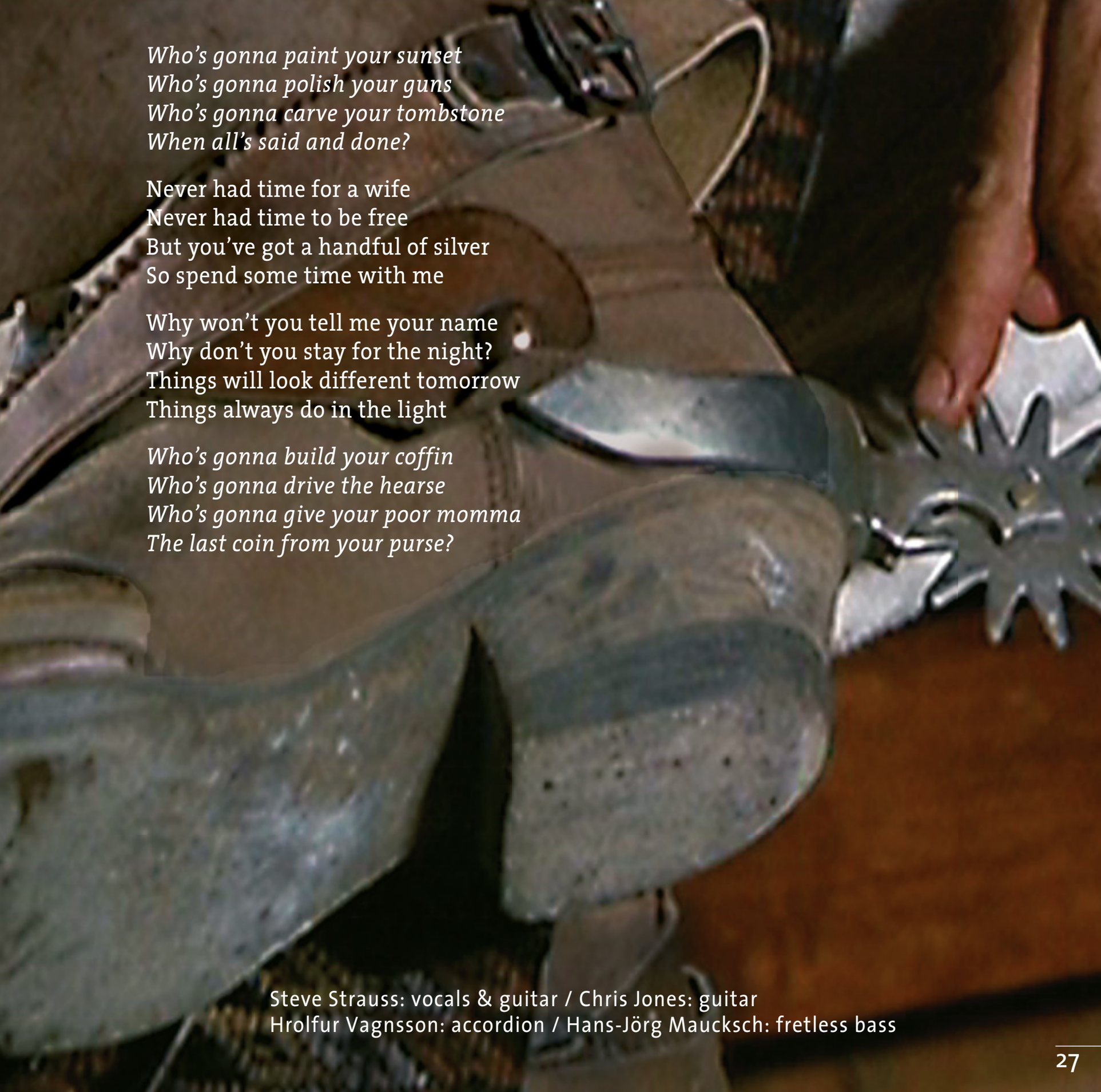
This morning you rode into town
As if you had nothing to fear
But there's no need to play the pretender
We all know why you're here

No one goes out of his way
To welcome a stranger in black
The good and the bad and the ugly
All turn their backs

So who's gonna sign your warrant
Who's gonna ride by your side
Who's gonna fetch the preacher
When you're ready to die?

Drovers come in from the rain
To gather in this dirty room
Drowning their sorrows in bourbon
Like all men do

Some of them hide in their hats
Some of them whisper and laugh
While you sit alone in the corner
And scrawl your epitaph



Who's gonna paint your sunset
Who's gonna polish your guns
Who's gonna carve your tombstone
When all's said and done?

Never had time for a wife
Never had time to be free
But you've got a handful of silver
So spend some time with me

Why won't you tell me your name
Why don't you stay for the night?
Things will look different tomorrow
Things always do in the light

Who's gonna build your coffin
Who's gonna drive the hearse
Who's gonna give your poor momma
The last coin from your purse?

Steve Strauss: vocals & guitar / Chris Jones: guitar
Hrolfur Vagnsson: accordion / Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass

Produced and recorded by Günter Pauler
Surround-Mastering and CD-PreMastering by Hans-Jörg Maucksch at Pauler Acoustics

Musicians:
Steve Strauss: vocals & guitar / Chris Jones: guitars, dobro / Christina Lux: backing vocals
Hrolfur Vagnsson: accordion / Jean-Marie Peschiutta: mandolin / Michael Kleinhans: tuba
Hans-Jörg Maucksch: fretless bass / Grischka Zepf: electric bass / Beo Brockhausen: saxophones, glass harp, flute, gaida bagpipes, tin whistle, autoharp, sarod, percussion

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Zu den Songtexten von Steve Strauss finden Sie Kurzfassungen der erzählten Geschichten, inhaltliche Erklärungen und Hintergrundinformationen in deutscher Sprache unter www.stockfisch-records.de/sstrauss.html

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